Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue muſicke? Harke Apollo playes, *Muſicke.*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing,
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the Morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.
2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtraite
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.
Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.
3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.
Lord. Thou art a Lord and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferiour to none.
Beg. Am I a Lord and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauors, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

And not a Tinker, nor Chriſt
Well, bring our ladie hither
And once againe a pot o'th
2. *Man.* Wilt pleaſe you
Oh how we ioy to ſee your w
Oh that once more you kne
Theſe fifteene yeeres you ha
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'
Beg. Theſe fifteene yeere
But did I neuer ſpeake of all
1 *Man.* Oh yes my Lor
For though you lay heere in
Yet would you ſay, ye weare
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe
And ſay you would preſent h
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-i
Sometimes you would call
Beg. I, the womans maid
3. *Man* Why ſir you kn
Nor no ſuch men as you haue
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *Ioh*
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henr*
And twentie more ſuch nam
Which neuer were, nor no
Beg. Now Lord be thanke

Enter Ladie wit

Beg. I thanke thee, thou
Lady. How fares my nob
Beg. Marrie I fare well, fo
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord w
Beg. Are you my wife an
My men ſhould call mee Lor
La. My husband and my l
wife in all obedi nce.
Beg. I know it well, wha
Lord. Madam.
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Io*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12